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January 13, 1983, 9:35 P.M.

JVB called and was startled to find me at my desk. He called to report that Jean Colville and Nan Lofuts and other had decided that the idea of petitions against the Post Office move would be a bad idea. I agree. Jean and Nan reasoned: We would probably lose the battle to get an injunction and to stop the building of the new Post Office building and that losing such a battle would be bad for the CHS. I agree. There is not much that we can do against the Post Office at this point and to engage in a court battle, which we would probably lose, would be very bad for the reputation and morale of the CHS.

January 15-16, 1983

I got the 6 P.M. Short Line bus and arrived in Carbondale at 9:15 P.M. WSP, of course, was at the Bus Station. I ate (ham hock and cabbage) and went to bed. On Saturday morning I called RTP and asked him if he would take out a couple of the windows in 301 and give me a lesson in glazing. Yes, he said. Around noon, he and I went to Holt Lumber and bought supplies (glazing compound, push points, composition board for the window openings, eight penny nails) and went to City Hall. RTP took out the uptown window on the Main Street side and the window closest to Main Street on the Sixth Avenue side. He showed me how to glaze a window and then took his leave. Before he left he showed me how to do one window and in the process we broke the pane--which had two cracks in it to start out with. I spent the afternoon quietly in 301 at work on the windows. I also put spackle deep in the NE and SE corners of 301--over the metal strips. RTP had earlier scraped out the deep corners after the metal strips had been applied and I was refilling the corners. At 5 P.M. I returned home and enjoyed pancakes and sausage with HLRP and WSP. In the evening I addressed 222 envelopes--a mailing for NP which I will mail out on 01-20 or 01-21. Saturday night it snowed and snowed and snowed. Sunday morning we were more or less snowbound and HLRP decided not to go to church and neither did I. I spent the morning in the attic going through some of my trunks and we had meatloaf and scalloped potatoes at noon and I got the 3:45 P.M. bus from Scranton to New York (a Martz bus). There was at least a foot of snow on the ground in Carbondale. In Scranton there was less, and the roads were very slippery. In Stroudsburg, there was hardly any snow and the roads were bare which was reassuring. I read Emerson's SELF-RELIANCE on the way back to NYC. The edition was one of those small leather-bound pocket books in the bookcase at the top of the stairs. There are about 50 pocket books of standard American authors (Emerson, Thoreau, Whittier, etc.) plus a large quantity of the books of the Bible. I returned to New York by 6:30 and was at the office by 7 P.M., where I worked for a few hours--I made the promotional pieces for the next mailing of NP and I also produced a revised bulk mailing label. On one of the calendar mailings, the Post Office decided that the bulk mailing label was wrong. They want the work "Bulk Rate" on the label and so I added the words "Bulk Rate" to the labels.